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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN

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Apartment from Thee.

BY FINLAY JOHNSTON.

When far apart from thee, beloved
My soul is sad and lone:
Yet memory traces out the haunts
Wherein we used to roam.
The budding beauties of the spring
Are with us now once more;
The birds their early carols sing
As in the days of yore;
Yet happy birds and blooming flowers
Possess no charms for me,
Because my heart is desolate—
I am apart from thee.

The moonlight still upon the stream
Sleeps as in days gone by;
The twinkling stars are shining bright
Within the azure sky;
The gentle zephyrs, like a child,
Glide through the quiet wood,
And every echo serves to aid
Upon my solitude;
Yet sadly doth all nature speak
In mournful tones to me,
Because my heart is desolate—
I am apart from thee.

Apart from thee, my own beloved,
I can but sigh and moan,
For no one is more desolate
Than he who is alone.
And as a harp that hears its song,
Obeys no stern command,
But gives its hurried music, when
Touched by the master's hand,
So silent are my feelings all
Until the time shall be
When I shall live no longer, love,
Apart from thee.

Song of the Sewing Machine.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm the Iron Needle woman I
Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;
And unlike the fragile human,
Never weary night nor day.
Never shedding tears of sorrow,
Never mourning friends untrue,
Never caring for the morrow,
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disaster!
Merely I glide along,
For no thanks, sordid master
Ever seeks to do me wrong;
No extortioners oppress me,
No insulting words I dread—
I've no children to distress me
With unceasing cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,
For endurance framed aright;
I'm not paid a miser's wage,
Doomed life's battles here to fight;
Mine's a song of cheerful measure,
And no under-currents flow,
To destroy the thread of pleasure
Which the poor seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,
With the wealthy ones of earth,
Who commend me to the nation
For economy and worth.
While unpaid the female labor,
In the attic-chamber lone,
Where the smile of friend or neighbor
Never for a moment shown.

My creation is a blessing,
To the indigent secured,
Banishing the cares distressing
Which so many have endured;
Mine are sicknesses and aches,
Rites of oaks and nerves of steel—
I'm the Iron Needle Woman
Born to toil and not to feel.

A DROP OF WATER IMPRISONED AT THE CREA-
TION.—We were shown, at Pleasant Ridge, by
Dr. E. F. Bouchelle, one of the most interest-
ing geological curiosities. It consists of a
specimen of rock of the primitive order of for-
mation, and of the pentagonal order of crystalliza-
tion, containing in its center a globe of water
moveable and visible. The water is if there be
any truth in geology, one of the oldest drops of
water in the Universe—far more ancient than the
waters of the flood of Noah. To use the lan-
guage of Dr. Bouchelle, "It is a drop of the waters
that covered in darkness the face of the great
deep, when the earth was without form and void,"
in other words, this little drop is a portion of
the first water that was created during the act or
process of crystallization. The rock being primi-
tive, or the first of creation, the water must also
be primitive.—*Eutaw (Ala) Observer.*

A STATUE OF EDWARD EVERETT.—The Boston
Courier recommends that when Mount Vernon shall
have come into the possession of the nation, a
statue of bronze or marble, in some appropriate
form of the domain, be erected of the orator by
whose efforts it has been secured.

The mold on decayed fruit, stale bread,
and moist wood, is shown by the microscope to be
plants, bearing leaves, flowers and seeds; and in-
creasing with wonderful rapidity, for in a few hours
the seeds spring up, arrive at maturity, and bring
forth seeds themselves, so that many generations
are perfected in a day.

The Adopted.

Being by nature an orderly and systematic
person, I wish, before I fairly launch into my
story, to draw you a sketch of the principal
persons therein, who are at this moment as-
sembled in the sitting-room of a comfortable
boarding house on the Cornish coast.

First, there is Lady Lucy, the fair invalid,
who is lying with her eyes half closed upon the
sofa. You see at a glance that she is beauti-
ful: her golden hair, pale but exquisitely fair
complexion, regular features and large blue
eyes, fully entitle her to the claim; but, alas,
a fall from her nurse's arms had rendered her a
cripple for life. Her brother Arthur is leaning
over her, conversing in a low tone; while near
him stands Mrs. Belrose, a distant relative, who,
as she is a poor widow, has kindly consented to
live with and take charge of Lady Lucy for the
consideration of her daughter sharing her
father's studies. Lord Arthur is young, talent-
ed, and handsome, the heir to a large estate,
and extremely proud of his wealth, personal
appearance, and good family. Mrs. Belrose is
about sixty-five, well educated, proud, and very
fond of Lady Lucy, with whom she has lived
thirteen years.

One more person, and our group is complete.
Seated in the shade of a deep window, her head
bent over book, is Mrs. Belrose's daughter,
Cora. She has just completed her seventeenth
year, is of medium height, fine figure, with jetty
curls, large dark eyes, fine features and com-
plexion, and what her old nurse called a "mix-
ture of tempers," meaning thereby that Miss
Cora was, when in the mood, the merriest laugh-
ing nymph possible; and, on other occasions,
silent, reserved, and passionately fond of study.
Brought up with Lady Lucy as a companion,
treated like a sister, sharing all her luxuries and
pleasures, she was reserved, but high spirited
and proud.

Lady Lucy had been advised by her physi-
cian to pass some weeks on the sea shore, and
she had chosen the Cornish coast as being re-
tired and quiet, a place where the gay but-
terflies of fashion did not resort, and where plea-
sure was not a toil, as at a fashionable watering
place.

"Come, dear Mrs. Belrose, prepare for a stroll
on the beach," said Lady Lucy, as, having fin-
ished their conversation, her brother left the
room. "Cora, put by your book, and get your
bonnet. I did not tell you to put it there," she
added, laughing, as Cora placed the book in her
pocket. "A trample, put on your mantle and
hat. You must come with us. Mrs. Belrose,
you must come too."

"Not this morning, love," said Mrs. Belrose.
"But you say that every day, dear Aunt, and
I want you to come," said Lady Lucy. "You'll
be ill if you stay in the house so much. You
have not been out since we came here. Sup-
pose I should have one of those terrible
spasms, and you were not there? Now,
do come."

With visible reluctance the old lady con-
sented to accompany the party; and Lord Arthur
coming in to assist his sister in walking to the
little hand carriage in which she took the air,
the party started. Cora and Arthur lingered
behind the others, deeply engaged in conversa-
tion.

"Cora, darling, you know I love you," said
Lord Arthur. "Why are you so reserved?—
You have changed greatly since we left Lon-
don, and you will not tell me why you are so
cold. Have I deserved this, Cora?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then
replied, "I will be frank with you, Arthur, and
tell you why I seem changed. I spoke to my
mother of our love. She seemed fearfully agi-
tated, and paced the room, crying, 'Why was I
so blind? She seemed so young that I never
dreamed of this. Cora, you must forget this!—
Remember—I tell you that it is impossible that
you can wed Lord Arthur.' I entreated her to
tell me why I could not be your wife. I told
her you loved me and wished to marry me. She
only repeated what she had said before, and
finally exacted from me a promise that I would
discourage your attentions and break our partial
engagement."

"And you tell me this as calmly as if you
were reciting one of your French verbs!" cried
the young man, passionately.

At that instant Lady Lucy called to her
brother, and he went to her side, leaving Cora
alone. She stopped for a moment, and then
stepped in behind one of the large rocks on the
coast, out of sight of the party in advance.
Her face was quivering as if in intense pain,
and her whole frame convulsed. With a pas-
sionate but low cry of anguish she threw herself
down upon the beach and sobbed violently, but
without tears. She was still lying there when
her mother came to seek her.

"Cora," she said, sternly, "again do I find you
giving vent to those foolish passions. Rise!—
Suppose Lord Arthur had been sent in quest of
you!"

"Mother! mother! cried the poor girl, 'have
you not one kind word to comfort me? I am
breaking my heart in obedience to your wishes,
and you are so stern. You loved me once.'"

"And I love you now," said Mrs. Belrose,
drawing her close to her bosom. "I love you
now. It is because I love you that I say again,
conquer this love—subdue it—tear it out of your
heart. If you allow it to grow, it will kill you;
for when I tell Lord Arthur all I know—as I

must do if you engage yourself to him—he will
cast you from him. I know his pride."

"Mother!" said Cora.
The tone and look of utter astonishment on
Cora's face recalled her mother, and saying, "I
forgot!" she strove by caresses and bustling ar-
rangements of Cora's disordered dress to make
her forget her words; and, before she could say
more, drew her from her concealment towards
the rest of the party. "Calm yourself, Cora,"
she said, sternly.

"Oh, I can be very calm!" replied the young
girl, in a low, bitter tone. "I have even been
reproached for it within the last hour."

Drawing her book from her pocket, Cora sat
down on a large stone. Lord Arthur pushed
his sister's chair in front of Cora; and, arranging
her sketch-book and pencils for her, leaned for-
ward and pointed out the picturesque points in
the scenery and groups. Cora's eyes meanwhile
were bent upon her book, but not one word did
she read. Her mother's strange assertion—"If
Lord Arthur knew all I can tell him, he would
spurn you from him"—was ringing in her ears,
and she was striving to understand it. Burning
with impatience for a private interview with
Mrs. Belrose, maddened with the construction
she placed upon her words, she required all her
self-control to keep her seat calmly. No one
would have suspected, from her outward quiet
demeanor and apparent attention to her study,
the storm that was raging in her breast.

They were still grouped on the beach when a
fisherman and woman with two children sta-
tioned themselves in front of Lady Lucy's chair.
The woman stood erect, gazing on the party,
while the man leaned forward, his right hand on
her shoulder, his left grasping a sail, and looked
earnestly into her face. The little boy, seated
on the sand, played with a crab; while the little
girl, grasping the woman's skirts, looked slyly
at the strangers. The man and woman were
cousins, and the man "Father."

"What is it, Maggie?" said Duncan, looking
into the woman's face. "What makes you look
with that hard, bitter look at the poor pale lady
in the chair?"

"They're rich—I hate them," said Maggie,
fiercely. "It was the rich people that stole my
bairn."

"Mrs. Belrose, who was concealed by Lord
Arthur, as she stood behind Lady Lucy's chair,
started as the woman's voice fell upon her ear.

"How was it, Maggie?" said Duncan.
"Fifteen years ago," she replied, "when I was
very young, but Robin's wife and Maggie's
mother, two rich folks, a man and his wife,
stayed the summer at our cottage for the health
of their child, a puny bairn about my Maggie's
age. It died. They were kind to Maggie, and
my one loved 'em; and the large sums of
money they gave me, and the promise to make
a lady of Maggie, tempted me sore, and I let
them adopt my bairn. They promised I should
see her every summer; but they took my bairn
away, and I never saw her again. I hate the
rich folks that broke their promise and stole my
baby; and when Robin died, next year, I was
all alone."

Poor Maggie was weeping bitterly, and Lady
Lucy sent her brother to ascertain if she could
comfort her.

As Lord Arthur stepped forward from before
Mrs. Belrose, the woman caught sight of her.
With a cry of joy and pain, strangely mingled,
she suddenly sprang forward and threw herself
at his feet.

"Heaven bless you!" she exclaimed. "You
have come back to bring me my little Maggie,
my bonny bairn. Where is she, my lady?"

"The woman is crazy," said Mrs. Belrose,
turning deadly pale, but speaking coldly and
calmly.

"No, no," said Maggie, rising, "I am not
crazy. You are Mrs. Belrose—is she not my
lord?"

"Mother," said Cora, coming over to the side
of Mrs. Belrose. "I have been listening to this
woman's story, which you were not attentive
enough to hear. Does it explain what you said
this morning? Is this why I am to be spurned?
Am I this woman's child?"

"My Maggie was a wee bairn," muttered the
woman.

"Yes, fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Belrose.
"Cora, Cora, leave her. I tell you again she is
mad!"

Maggie and Cora stood silent, side by side,
and the likeness between them spoke their rela-
tionship. The same jetty hair, fine features,
and large full eyes were visible in both faces.
Mrs. Belrose read in the countenance of Lord
Arthur and Lady Lucy that they saw this, and
that further denial was useless. With a firm
step she walked forward, motioning Maggie and
Cora to follow her, and led the way to the cot-
tage.

What passed between the three I never knew;
but Mrs. Belrose left the cottage alone, and the
next day Lord Arthur, Lady Lucy, and herself
left the coast for London. Cora had been of-
fered a place with them again, but so coldly
that her high spirit took offence, and she pre-
ferred staying with her mother.

Laying aside all her fine lady notions, she
gradually brought her habits, if not her mind,
down to her present station; and now the liveli-
ness of her disposition, before kept in the back-
ground, was brought forward. In one year,
from the time she had left her former high
home, there was not, apparently, a livelier,
blither fisherwoman on the coast than Maggie

Campbell. It was a hard struggle. The con-
trast between luxury and hard labor was dis-
heartening, and she was at first almost dis-
tressed by the necessity of bearing upon her life,
and she gradually grew to love its wild freedom.
While contented in contact with Lord Arthur,
she had loved him passionately; but disgusted
with his heartlessness in spurning her for her
low birth, she found her respect gone, and her
love soon followed it. She had been in her new
life but fifteen months when her mother died,
and she stood alone. Friends she had none;
the ill-educated, coarse women around her had
never been congenial companions; and it was
dread more than love that made her cling to her
mother, whose many sorrows touched her ten-
der heart.

She left the coast and went to London, where
her accomplishments and solid acquirements
readily gained her a place as an assistant teach-
er in a small private school. Lord Arthur was
married. Lady Lucy was dead. Of her adopted
mother she could hear nothing. Years
passed on. Cora was happy; happy in her
school; she had made many friends, and resided
in a pleasant family where she was very much
beloved.

One evening she was returning from school
when a crowd attracted her attention, and she
heard that an old lady had been thrown from
her carriage. With ready sympathy she joined
those around the sufferer, and recognized Mrs.
Belrose. Making known that she was a friend
of the lady, she dispatched one person for a
carriage and another for a physician; and in a
short time Mrs. Belrose was carried to Cora's
own little room, with her adopted child tending
her. She was long too ill to know her nurse;
but at last she began to recover. Her remorse
for past unkindness, her renewed love for her
child, and her warm gratitude, touched Cora's
heart.

As her strength increased, Mrs. Belrose told
Cora of the incidents in her life after she left
her. Lady Lucy had been most reluctant to
leave Cora; but was persuaded by her brother
"and myself," said Mrs. Belrose. "Heaven
knows I meant all for the best. I knew it was
better for you to be separated from Lord Ar-
thur, at least for a time; and I meant to come
for you soon, but Lucy implored me to stay
while she lived; it was only thirteen months
after I left you that she died. She left me her
share of the property; it is enough to enable me
to live in luxury and leave you well provided
for. I was very ill for several months after
Lucy's death; but as soon as I was able, I went
in search of you. Your mother was dead, you
were gone from home! I have never ceased to
seek you. Now I have found you through a
providential accident. You will not leave me
again? I am old, and near you, Cora. By all
the love I showed you in your youth and child-
hood, I implore you not to leave me."

Cora did not leave her, and when Mrs. Bel-
rose died years afterwards, Cora, then thirty-
three, inherited all her property. She never
married; but many were the poor houses
where the face of Cora Belrose was hailed as a
gleam of sunshine in poverty's dark path. A
life of usefulness, unselfish kindness, and gen-
erous munificence was her lot; and she died at an
advanced age, loved and lamented by all who
knew her worth.—*Exchange.*

YANKES AGAINST THE WORLD.—The French In-
stitute offered a prize of \$20,000 last year for a
theory of cholera. They received 167 essays for the
prize, and among others, the following, from a
"live Yankee." None of the others were success-
ful, but it may be safely presumed, this one comes
the nearest to the Imperial Institute of France—

"I see by the papers that you offer one hundred
thousand francs to any body that will discover a
cure for the colery. Now without making any
pretensions to a knowledge of medicine I think I
am entitled to that money. Last fall I was taking
with the colery in its Asiatic form, and my wife
who had been several nights in the disease de-
clared she had never seen any one worse. I will
keep in my house a little No. 6 and lobelia, and
nowing full will the power of these things in
low complaints, I resolved to give them a trial.
I took first a strong dose of No. 6 and lobelia, and
then after waiting a while I took a strong injection
of the same. I then felt as if my body on fire but
the colery got better, that gave me and my wife
encouragement and I repeated several times the
same thing in the same way and by that means
and the blessing of God I am here to-day to tell
you of this great remedy. I cannot tell you how
the No. 6 is made but I do it is a good deal of
the kyan pepper in it and you'll find it in your
meddick books.

hopin I shall hear from you soon I submit my
claim most respectfully.

A farmer who had employed a green Em-
eral, ordered him to give his mule some corn in
the ear. On his coming in, the farmer asked
"Well, Pat, did you give the corn?" "To be sure
I did." "How did you give it?" "And sure as
you told me to, in the ear." But how much did
you give?" "Well, yez see, the old craythur
wouldn't hold still, and switched his ears about so
I couldn't get above a fistful in both ears."

BURNING MONEY.—Baron Silverstein died lately
in Vienna, having an only son, about the legiti-
macy of whom he had some doubts; and in order
that he should profit as little as possible by his
death, he burned bank notes of the value of 162,
000,000 (162,000,000) When the door of the stove
was open the word "thousand" was distinctly vis-
ible on many of the consumed notes, which of
course fell to pieces when touched.

Dangers of Fly-Catching.

It is as Mr. Brown of the Stock Exchange
that I am now addressing the public. I had
occasion some few months back, to go to my
bankers in St. James's street to draw the sum of
fifty pounds in gold, for the purpose of defray-
ing certain household expenses. The banker—
although it was during panic-time—delivered it
to me without a murmur. I kept my hand
over the pocket in which it lay, as a bird for-
sakes not her nest when it has eggs within it,
from the very door to that of my own, on Lud-
gate Hill; yet when I got home it was gone.—
The loss itself did not affect me nearly so much
as the method of losing. I knew where another
fifty pounds was to be got without much incon-
venience, but whether that fifty pounds was
gone, and by what miraculous means, was in-
deed a question. The pocket which my hand
had covered was inviolate and without a hole in
it. It could scarcely have happened that any
thief, having ripped it open, would have the
courtesy, as well as the skill, to sew it up again
as I came along.

The problem so worried me, took a strong
hold upon my mind, that I sent for Inspector
Ferret, of the detective police.

"Ferret," I said, after I had put him in pos-
session of the circumstances, "now, who can
have got this money?"

"Tom Daddles, or else the Spider, sir," he
replied coolly, and without the least hesitation;
"one of those two—certainly; which of them,
depends upon whether you lost the money east
or west of the Bar. Tom takes all the Strand,
and the Spider has Fleet street and the Hill,
here."

"Well, now," I said, "let me have a personal
interview with Mr. Inspector, if you please, with
the gentleman who has transferred this property
of mine to his account. Of course, I will pass my
word not to employ the arm of the law against
him. But I very much want to know how the
transfer was effected."

On the same afternoon the Inspector informed
me, that Mr. Daddles was the new proprietor
of the sum in question, and that he would pay
me a visit on the following morning, early, with
explanations.

Accordingly, while I was at breakfast, Mr.
Daddles called. He was a thin, not ungen-
tlemanly looking young man, soberly dressed, and
having a rather conspicuous air of modesty and
diffidence.

"With regard to the money, Mr. Brown," he
said, "I saw you going westward along the
Strand, with the intention of procuring specu-
—"

"How did you know that?" interrupted I.

"You bought, sir, at a shop close to Somerset
House, a saffron-colored linen bag, such as is
used for carrying money, and you dangled it in
your hand when you came out."

"As that I was," I cried.

Mr. Daddles smiled forgivingly: "I never left
you," he continued, "from that moment until
you reached St. James's street. When I saw
you go into the banking-house, I backed myself
up to one to one that I should relieve you of your
money. When I saw you come out with the
money in your left coat tail, instead of buttoned
up in a breast-pocket, the odds rose to five to
one. I knew it was in your left coat-tail, be-
cause you kept your hand there."

"And," I said, impatiently, "I never took it
out again; I can swear to it."

"You did not take it out for a long time, sir,"
replied Mr. Daddles, applauding moderately;
"you gave me a great deal of anxiety, I must
confess. But you did take it out at last."

"Where?" cried I, "where? If I did before
I got home, I'll be hanged."

"Don't say that, sir," replied my new ac-
quaintance, rather severely, "don't use an ex-
pression of that kind, whatever you do. You
stopped at a print shop on the west side of
Temple Bar, and then my last hope began to
expire; for, a few steps more would have taken
you into the Spider's territory, and my chance
would have vanished."

"Why did you not cut the bottom of my
pocket?" I asked, intensely interested.

"Because then you would have missed the
weight of the coin," explained Mr. Daddles.—
"Nothing remained for me, but to try the fly-
dodge."

"A fly, Mr. Daddles, explain yourself; I saw
no fly."

"You felt it, though, Mr. Brown, if you re-
member, upon the left cheek, and you took your
hand out of your pocket to remove it."

"I see it all now."

"That was it," assented Mr. Thomas Daddles,
in conclusion, "and a very neat thing it was, too,
though I say it."

Honor prevented me from giving Mr. Dad-
dles into custody; but I felt bound to warn all
pedestrians against any attempt at fly-catching
when a quiet, thin, too observant pickpocket is
by.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

A gentleman at a musical party, where the
lady was very particular not to have the concord
of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing the fire was
going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How
he could stifle the fire without interrupting the music?"
"Between the bars," replied the friend.

An old advertisement of 1668 reads:
"Wanted—a stout active man, who fears the Lord,
and can carry two hundred weight." It is evident
that he had no occasion to fear anybody else.

A Monkey and the Pitcher Plant.

Two brothers, Englishmen, were once travel-
ing on foot from Dondra Head, the southern
extremity of the Island of Ceylon, towards
Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and
twenty miles to the northward. They started
upon their journey very early in the morning,
and expected to accomplish it in three or four
days; though as the sun is so exceedingly warm
in that country, they intended to rest during the
heat of the day under the shade of the many
broad-leaved palm trees that grew by the side
of the road.

They had traveled some distance when the
younger brother stopped, and gazing inquiringly
round, said:

"I surely heard a cry, Robert, as if some one
was hurt. Let us look and see what it can be,"
he added, as a low moan now distinctly reached
their ears; it proceeded from a group of cocoa-
nut trees that grew on their right hand.

The brothers sprang hastily but cautiously
forward, and searched carefully around, till at
last the elder exclaimed, laughing:

"Here it is, Arthur, come and see;" and as
his brother turned towards him, he pointed to
a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the
branches of the fruit tree, had hurt himself very
severely.

"Poor fellow!" said Arthur; and taking him
up, he tore a strip from his handkerchief and
bound the wounded limb, and then turned to
resume his journey with the monkey in his
arms.

"You surely," said Robert, "do not intend to
take that disgusting animal as your companion
to Candy?"

"Do you think," replied Arthur, "that I would
leave this poor helpless creature to die of his
wound? No, he shall be my companion until
he is cured, and then he may return, as soon as
he likes, to his home in the forest."

The two brothers traveled on their way,
though the elder could not sometimes refrain
from joking the other about his companion.—
They had journeyed two days, and were about
half way from their place of destination, when
the heat became exceedingly oppressive, and
the numerous springs which had heretofore
flowed along the side of the road, became dried
up, and they began to suffer from the want of
water. Their strength was failing—they felt as
though they could proceed no further; and on
the morning of the fourth day, when within
about thirty miles of Candy, both brothers sunk
down at the foot of a palm tree, exhausted and
parched with thirst.

"Must we die here?" exclaimed Robert with
a groan.

"Trust in God," replied Arthur, raising his
eyes towards heaven.

Suddenly the monkey, who was resting by
his side, sprang up and ran eagerly along the
road, as if he were searching for something.—
At last he returned, and seizing Arthur by the
arm, endeavored to draw him along with him.

"How strangely he acts!" said the young
man; "what can he have found?" and summon-
ing all his strength, he arose and followed the
animal.

When he reached the spot, what met his de-
lighted eyes? There growing in most luxuriant
abundance, was the silky, downy pitcher plant
or monkey cup, so called on account of its be-
ing sought after by those animals for the pur-
pose of quenching their thirst. The flower is in
the shape of a cup, about six inches in length,
and one and a half in diameter; it has a lid
which opens and shuts with the changes of the
weather, and is filled with pure water, a secretion
from the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were
refreshed; and when at last they reached their
home, they related to their astonished friends
how the monkey had been the means of saving
their lives. "Lord, how manifold are Thy
works!" in wisdom has Thou made them all."

A PECULIAR TASTE.—Shelley used to pick the
turpentine oil from the tree, and eat it with a relish,
or in walking through a pine wood, he would ap-
ply his tongue to a larch, and lick it as it oozed in
a liquid state from the bark. I never met with
any one else who had the same taste. I have ex-
perimented with him on the subject, and, of course,
in vain; and I once related to him a little ap-
ologue, which was rather more efficacious. I was
once at a ball, a very pleasant one it was, and
we were all dancing away merrily, but we were
obliged to desist, for all on a sudden the fiddlers
stopped in the middle of a tune; we told them to
play on, but they answered: "We cannot go on
with our music, because that rascal, Byshe, has
eaten up all our rosins!" Sometimes when he was
creeping stealthily up to a fir-tree, that he might
lick it, my fable of the poet and the fiddle would
come into his head, and he would turn aside laugh-
ing. The broken-up ball, the interrupted con-
versation, the enraged musicians, the

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 tween Sansome and Battery.

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C I R C U L A R .

THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION of the Mechanic's Institute of the City of San Francisco

WEDNESDAY, the 1st, and continuing open at least five
open days.

The present Directory of the Institute, with the light of
experience shed before them by the efforts of their prede-
cessors, and with the precedent already set establishing the
act, beyond a doubt, that an Industrial Exhibition can be
brought up in this city and conducted to a successful termina-
tion, enter upon the task before them with buoyant hopes
and bright anticipations, entirely free from all apprehen-
sions of failure in this, the second effort of the Institute.

and it will be the constant aim of the members of the new Board to imitate the example of those of the old in their zeal, energy and harmonious action, it will be their ready care to avoid, if possible, any errors which experience may have detected in the working operations of the system before adopted, hoping thereby to enlist the hearty co-operation of all who may desire to become contributors to the display, and to secure the approving smiles and generous patronage of an appreciative public.

The advantages which have accrued from our first ex-

secured already its projectors and those who have aided them in the enterprise, the hearty thanks and commendations of all who feel an interest in the progress and welfare of our State. That Exhibition presented in a tangible and unmistakable evidence of the rapid strides which had been and were still being made in the development of the mechanical, Agricultural, Horticultural and Mineral resources of our youthful State. It tended to the dissemination of correct information concerning our immense natural resources, and awakened in the minds of the in-

hibit of what had been done, so plainly pointed out that still remained to be accomplished, that a spirit of emulation was at once aroused among all classes of the community, and latent talents were aroused and directed to channels of usefulness before unthought of. All this must result in immeasurable benefits; and, when its record is laid abroad—establishing as it must, in the minds of all

nts such advantages as are nowhere else to be found not only to the operative workman of every pursuit but to him who seeks the safe investment of capital in any legitimate channel—it must have the tendency to bring to our shores an increasing emigration which at present is our great and only want.

It is earnestly hoped that the coming Fair will in no wise be short of the attractiveness of the last, but which

trary, a marked improvement will be visible in every department; and, to that end, a cordial invitation is extended for an exhibit of the products of every branch of industry, embracing works of art of every description—inventions of every kind—choice specimens of ingenuity and skill—the delicate and beautiful handwork of women—useful labor saving machines—implements of mining and husbandry—new models of machinery—the products of the

Importers and dealers are cordially invited to participate in the Fair, by exhibiting whatever is calculated to excite interest or extend information in regard to useful improvements.

are requested to communicate such facts relative to the natural resources and the facilities for industrial pursuits in their respective districts as may be deemed by them important; also to give reliable information concerning the geology and mineralogy of their particular localities; and a committee of scientific and practical men will be appointed to prepare a report based upon the information thus derived. We cordially invite co-operation of all classes, believing that all are interested in making this an Exhibition worthy of general notice and admiration.

The State Horticultural Society has determined to hold its second Annual Exhibition in connection with that of the Mechanic's Institute, and their circulars will announce, sharing the responsibilities and benefits of the enterprise ; and it is earnestly hoped that their members and all other persons interested in horticulture will patronize the same.

The California Steam Navigation Company, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and other transportation companies, have generously offered to carry articles intended for the Fair, free of charge; and all such as may be forwarded should be labeled, "For the Industrial Fair," and addressed to "H. F. Williams, Mechanic's Fair, San Francisco."

Rules and Regulations
OF THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF
THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF THE
CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

1. The Pavillion will be ready for the reception of contributions on the sixteenth day of August and will continue open for that purpose until Tuesday, the thirty-first day of that month. The Exhibition will be opened to the public

2. When articles are entered, a check for same will be given, which must be presented when the articles are returned.
3. The name of every article should be attached to it, with a description, pointing out its merits and uses—whether a new invention or an improvement upon an old one—and whether imported or manufactured in the State.
4. Articles intended for sale should be labeled accordingly and cannot be removed until the close of the Exhibition, except by the written permission of the Executive Com.

5. Light, fancy, or perishable articles will be received, and may be removed at any time during the Exhibition, with the consent of the Executive Committee.

6. Proof of origin must be given when required.

7. The several Committees of Judges will be appointed on the first day of the Fair, and reports will be expected from them at the end of the first week, that the awards may be prepared for distribution by the Executive Committee at the close of the Exhibition.

8. The meeting of each Association will be held on the

9. In case of mis-understanding, application may be made to the Executive Committee, who will at all times be in attendance.

2. It is desired that articles should be presented early, that they may properly appear upon the catalogue, and should they arrive from a distance before the rooms are in readiness, they will be stored free of charge.
3. Owners or agents offering articles for exhibition will receive tickets of admission gratis, but such tickets will in no case be transferable.
4. A separate department will be reserved for the exhibitors.

15. A Juvenile Department will be opened for the exhibitions of youthful contributors, that their productions may not be brought into competition with those of more mature years and experience.

16. Persons intending to take part in the Exhibition are earnestly requested to make known their intention at the earliest practicable period—stating the kind of article or articles they intend exhibiting, and the probable amount of space required.

JOHN SIMS. B. H. FREEMAN,
DANIEL VAN PELT. H. MCNALLY,
H. F. WILLIAMS, J. D. PIERSON,
P. B. DEXTER, A. E. PHELPS,
J. E. KINCAID, J. N. RISDON,
PETER DONAHUE, THOMAS TENNENT,
Executive Committee
July 31st

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BRUSHES, COMBS, AND CARDS,
ALL KINDS OF WHIPS,

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Constantly on hand of the most approved make and finish, also made to order, at the shortest notice. Particular attention is given to this branch of the business, and individual firemen or companies may depend upon having orders filled to their satisfaction.

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